

# THE COMET.

VOL. II.

JOHNSON CITY, TENN., SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1885.

NO. 64.

Cinder-Elia—The girl who shakes our ashes.

A polished delivery—cuffs and collar from the laundry.

The suggestion that the dog star may be a Skye terrier is alarming.

The Princess of Wales is said to be an enthusiastic angler. Several years ago she caught Wales.

A Michigan man has eighteen unmarried daughters and had sunk his fortune in front gates.

A Mexican dog is made without hair. Therefore he cannot flea as a bird to the mountain.

It is a somewhat remarkable fact that the western cyclone is frequently charged with shop-lifting.

A roller-rink and an ink-roller resemble each other; when pressed too hard they are apt to deface forms.

However strong may be the bonds of matrimony they are often broken by a club—the club the husband belongs to.

Probably in a year from now it will be definitely known to which party the Hon. Samuel J. Randall owes allegiance.

It is the gay old bird who lies in bed till his wife has the fire kindled and the breakfast on the table who catches the warm.

Ladies should refrain from throwing their cast-off footwear into neighboring alleys, for alley gaiters are dangerous.

Many young women can sweep into a room in grand style, but when it comes to sweeping out a room they are not there.

"Time works wonders," says a young man of twenty-seven when he returned home and found his eldest sister only eighteen.

A Missouri farmer has twenty-two daughters. He won't allow a dog on the premises, and he wears the softest kind of slippers.

Nature is supposed to have her look opened at the fly leaves, but the nerve-exciting fact is that it's just about the time when the fly comes.

An artist says: "A tapering hand is the most beautiful." We certainly agree with him if it tapers down from the ace in regular succession.

There is nothing modest about a woman's heel; on the contrary, it is altogether too forward. At last adjectives it was just a little forward of the instep.

Camels sometimes live to be 100 years old. This is unquestionable because they drink so seldom. We give this as a pointer to the temperance reformers.

A newspaper correspondent, writing from Afghanistan, says that the Afghans eat onions as the Americans do apples. We don't wonder that England is trying to break out.

"Yes," said Mrs. Spriggins, when she read the menu of a recent fashionable dinner, "the man who got up that there feast must have been an epicure."

"One sees strange sights at sea," said a person who had just crossed the Atlantic. "I saw the ocean heave, a passenger heave and the ship heave, too."

A chair has been invented which can be adjusted to over 100 different directions. Families blessed with a small boy should have one of these chairs placed in the church pew.

The male codfish always takes care of the eggs and young. The only peace in life which the male codfish enjoys is when he gets salted down and stored away in a country grocery.

First Citizen—"You always snay at home in the evenings now?" Second Citizen—"Yes; my wife's father gave her \$500 for a birthday present, and I am teaching her how to play draw-poker."

If men and women only display half as much frantic energy and ability in getting ahead in life as they do in dodging across the street in front of an approaching team or horse-car, we should all be Vanderbilts before 1890.

A piano was stolen from a church in Buffalo recently. Since then the congregation has grown much larger, and it is proposed to present the thief with a hand-organ testimonial if he can be found.

A New York physician believes that the earth is in imminent danger of exploding. His wife must have been blowing him up lately and made the poor man a monomaniac on the subject.

This paper says late hours are telling on the American people, said Crismonbeak to his wife the other evening. "It would be well for you to remember that Mr. Crismonbeak, when you come home at three o'clock in the morning with your watch turned back half a day."

Another murderer has confessed that he killed a man years ago, thereby destroying the clew which the detective was working up.

Salt water is said to be a cure for lunacy. It is certainly a cure for freshness, and that in some men amounts almost to lunacy.

An Arizona man has stopped taking an agricultural paper. He wrote to the editor asking how to get rid of gnats. The answer came in the next issue of the paper, "Kill them."

"Will the hair grow after death?" asks an anxious exchange. In the case of a married man we should suppose it would have a better chance after death than during life.

"What shall we do with our girls?" is again coming up a vexed question. Must we suggest that the answer which has the most money in it is. Keep them out of the bonnet shops!

Girls didn't use to wear coats but the fact that the wearing of a coat is as near as a good many of them can come to being hugged by a man is why the mail coat is worn by so many.

The highest insult that can be offered to a Russian maiden is to spread tar on the front gate of her residence. Many a fisher-maid in this country doesn't object to having her tar on the front gate of her abode.

She may live without dress—what is fashion but living? She may live without beaux—what is courting but sighing? She may live without smiles—what is laughter but grinning? But where is the woman who can live without "chinning?"

If there is any suicidal tendency in a man it is apt to develop soon after marriage, when he first discovers the pearly little teeth of his sleeping darling drowning themselves in a tumbler on her dressing table.

Secretary Endicott has discovered a clerk in the War Department who was appointed by Jeff Davis when he was Secretary of War. This will confirm the New York Tribune in its belief that the rebellion is not over yet.

Chandler is in Washington looking up Senator Blair's record to use in his fight against him for the U. S. Senate. There is no need of taking a trip to Washington to look up Chandler's record. A trip on the Dolphin is sufficient.

In Patagonia they fine a man two goats for killing his wife. We know the value of goats, and have seen pictures of Patagonian women, and therefore we can't understand why a man in that country should be punished so severely for killing his wife.

In one way long speeches are a positive benefit. They relieve the speaker and do not hurt the air into which they are poured. It is different with a long, dull sermon, which is delivered as a duty and received as a punishment.

The vacation season is coming on apace, and the usual large orders for canned goods are being filled for the proprietors of summer resorts, where fresh fruits and vegetables right out of the orchard and garden are the chief attractions.

They have introduced ladies' clubs in London, says an exchange. Though how in the world the Londoners have got along up the present time without rolling-pins and broomsticks is one of the things that no feller has ever yet been able to find out.

Two Troy men have invented a machine that will make 1,500,000 matches in an hour. The thing should be in great demand at the fashionable watering places this summer. It is just what mothers with marriageable daughters have been looking for.

A Wall street broker went into a saloon and called for whiskey. The barkeeper set out the bottle and a glass of water. "What's that?" asked the broker, pointing to the water and pouring out the whiskey. "Water, sir." "What's it for?" "To mix with the whiskey." "Well take it away. Do you think I'm Jay Gould?"

"O, say, ma!" exclaimed a bright little girl at the Hoffman House while at dinner "hasn't that man over there got awful big ears?" "Hush child; the gentleman might hear you," cautioned the mother. "Well, ma," retorted the precocious youngster, "if he couldn't hear me with those ears he ought to haul 'em down."

There is a man in Georgia who can write without knowing the alphabet or being able to read anything except his own writing. It is further said that he superintends a large farm and "keeps his books after a style of his own." A singular case, perhaps, but he cannot claim originality in the last named peculiarity. There are a great many bank officials who have also kept books "after a style of their own." Some of them are now in Canada keeping out of the clutches of the law.

Old Ben Butler thinks he makes an extraordinary announcement in boldly declaring that he will sail his yacht America "if he has to take the helm himself," but years ago down in New Orleans they used to say that he would take anything he could lay his hands on.

"Amateur" writes to the Boston Budget to ask how to preserve a piano. Some people might advise "Amateur" to put flannel round it and wrap it up in camphor, but a much surer and safer way is to bottle it in alcohol, and make perfectly sure that the jar is hermetically sealed.

When Mr. Cleveland went to select a pew in the Washington church which he attends, he was asked what part of the building he would like to sit in. "Well," he said, "I don't want to be so near the minister that he can see whether or not I am listening."

Boston girl (to Uncle James, a farmer)—"Do you like living on a farm, Uncle James?" Uncle James—"Yes, I like it very much."

Boston girl—"I suppose it is nice enough in the glad summer time; but to go out in the cold and snow to gather winter apples and harvest winter wheat I imagine might be anything but pleasant."

A New York actress has "leaped at one bound into the realms of fame" by appearing before an audience in her bare feet. The fashion of nudity seems to have reached the other extreme. Lydia Thompson, a score of years ago "leaped at one bound into the realms of fame," but we believe she wore shoes—and not much else.

Bismarck used to have three hairs on his bald head, but now he is done with the brush and comb forever. He is the coolest-headed man in Europe; perhaps this accounts for it. A lady wrote to him for some personal memento, if it were "only a single hair." Bismarck scrawled on the bottom of the letter, "Impossible, madam; they are all gone," and returned it to the writer.

Mrs. Minks—"There it is again. Tobacco, always tobacco. What will you do when you get to Heaven, where there are no spittoons?"

Mr. Minks—"Perhaps there will be some there."

Mrs. Minks—"Indeed there won't. The idea. What will you do then, Mr. Minks? Just answer me that."

Mr. Minks—"I really don't know, my dear, unless we can get seats near the edge."

The world moves! Since the death of Charles T. Howard, the head of the Louisiana Lottery robbery, and the chief director of its corrupt control of political authority, the New Orleans Picayune ventures to refer apologetically to the lottery villain as an "objectionable creation" that "grew out of the dark regime of Radical rule." That isn't much; but it's more than a New Orleans journal dared to say for some years.

In the Bernese Oberland a parrot one day made its escape and perched on the rain trough of a farm house in the neighborhood. The farmer who had probably never been out of his native village, brought a ladder to capture the strange animal. When he had reached the top and was reaching out his hand, the parrot called out: "What do you want?" The astonished peasant at once took off his cap and said: "Oh, I beg your pardon I thought you was a bird!"

It seems to be the ambition of all young wives to look well when any one calls. A young bride heard a ring at the front door. The maid was out and she rushed up-stairs to "tidy" a little before admitting the caller, there was a moment of lightning work before the dressing table. Quicker than it takes to tell it, a ribbon was fastened to her throat, a flower was stabbed into her hair, a flash of powder on her face, and she was at the door—all smiles and blushes. The "gentleman" said he had the cheapest clothes-props that could be bought for money.

He Was Waiting.

A good old Kentucky democrat who has been waiting twenty-five years for a post-office, owns a fine dog, which is his constant companion. The other day the dog had been having a run in the sunshine, and was resting on the porch, with his tongue hanging out.

"That's a boss dog," said a traveling man, who had been selling the old man a bill of goods.

"You're right, he is," said the old man proudly.

"What makes him stick out his tongue that way?"

"Politics,"

"Politics! Now?"

"Why, sir, that dog knows Cleveland is elected, and he knows I want a postoffice, and he's got his tongue out, ready to begin barking stamps."

## Obituaries.

JESSE HUMPHREYS.

Jesse Humphreys was born on the waters of Boon's Creek, Washington county, Tenn., April 9, 1809, and departed this life April 19, 1885. Shortly after his marriage with Miss Eliza Smyth, of Jonesboro, he joined the Baptist church at that place; after which he bought land and moved into Carter county, and united with the Baptist church of Christ there, where he lived a consistent christian forty years. He believed that it took the precious blood of Jesus to cleanse a guilty soul. He raised six children around the old family altar, that believed in the same faith, viz. "without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sins, not of work lost, every one should boast." We are taught Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, for they shall rest from their labors, and their works do follow them. Like old Paul he has finished his course, and henceforth there is laid up for him a crown of unfading glory. He leaves a kind and loving wife and five dear children, and many relations and kind friends who mourn his loss, but his eternal gain, and while he is enjoying the smiles of Jesus and bright radiant angels, and basking in the sun-light of Heaven, oh, may we all have the spirit of Christ and so live and act in this life that when we come to die, we can die in the triumph of endearing faith, and reign with him above the sky.

J. S. H.

C. E. AND JULIA A. BUTTERWORTH. Charles E. Butterworth was born March 31, 1838 and departed this life April 8th 1885. He died with pneumonia fever after an illness of nine days. He was thus snatched away the prime of life. He was a member of the M. E. Church and lived and died a consistent christian, he loved Jesus and all of God's people was a kind and loving husband, he leaves many relatives and dear friends to mourn his departure.

Mrs. Julia A., wife of C. E. Butterworth, was born June 1st 1849 and died April 16th 1885. She was a daughter of Jessie Humphreys and was married to C. E. Butterworth the 26th of Nov. 1868. She was not a member of any Church, but rather held to that of her husband, and was a good christian hearted woman, and loved all who tried to do right, and them that lived by the Golden Rule. "To do unto others as you would that they should do unto you." She died from (child bed) fever and grief from the loss of her husband. She leaves a family of seven children, and many near and dear friends to mourn her loss. But let us not mourn as those that have no hope, for some good day we shall meet them in the sweet by and by far away home of the soul.

J. S. H.

## Lamar's Life Saved.

During the stormy days of the Forty-fourth Congress, when the Electoral count was being made, Ransom established a new chain to the future Secretary's gratitude. Mr. Lamar made near the close of the session one of his eloquent appeals in favor of standing by the electoral count. This speech was late at night, when some of the members had been to the restaurant more frequently than was good for their mental powers. There was one member who has since passed away, and whose name will not therefore be used, who was drunk, exceedingly drunk. He heard Lamar's speech, and so did Senator Ransom, who had come over from the Senate for that purpose. At its conclusion Lamar and Ransom walked into the room back of the Speaker's stand and sat down. The drunken member, enraged at Lamar's speech, swore he would kill him, and going to where Ransom and Senator Lamar were seated, called the latter traitor to his party, and drawing a pistol, presented it at Lamar's breast. Lamar did not see it, but Ransom did, and seeing the drunken man, whirled him round and pushed him toward the door. Lamar caught the situation and drew his pistol, but said: "I will not shoot him; his back is turned toward me." This event bound Lamar still more firmly to Ransom.

## Miss Cleveland Criticized.

NEW YORK, June 15.—At a meeting of the Holy Name society attached to St. Anthony's Roman Catholic Church, Manhattan avenue, Greenpoint, held yesterday afternoon, Rev. Father O'Hare delivered an address, in which he uttered a sharp criticism upon Miss Cleveland's remarks in her new book of essays touching upon nuns and monasteries.

## Monday not a Candidate.

NEW YORK, June 14.—Hogely, of Ohio, when asked if he would be a candidate for re-election, said "I shall not be a candidate, my objections are purely personal and not due to any doubt that the democratic party will elect its candidate."

## Liberty Bell.

RICHMOND, June 15.—The liberty bell arrived from New Orleans this morning and will leave to-night for home.

PHILADELPHIA, June 15.—The councilman committee will go over the Pennsylvania railroad Wednesday next, to Baltimore, to receive the liberty bell. They will return on a special train. The bell will be escorted by a procession to the state house.

## The Cluverius Case.

RICHMOND VA., June 15.—It is said on good authority that Mrs. Tunstall, aunt of T. J. Cluverius, convicted of the murder of Lillian Madison, has acknowledged her belief that her nephew betrayed Miss Madison, but denies that he killed the girl. It is understood Cluverius has written an address, which he will deliver to the court when he appears there to have sentence of death pronounced upon him.

## The New Version Revised.

"I don't like the new version of the Old Testament," said Smith, "particularly passages in Isaiah."

"What's the matter with it?" asked Mrs. Smith.

"It don't render it correctly. For instance, take this passage: 'He was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth.' That is incorrect."

"Well, John, how should it read?"

"Why, it should read: 'He was afflicted because he could not make his wife shut her mouth.'"

Hostilities began immediately.

## Grant Worse.

NEW YORK, June 15.—General Grant's condition has again become alarming. The cancer has been swelling during the last two weeks and yesterday his breathing was so badly affected that it was feared he would lapse into the same critical condition of last March. On account of the patient's condition, Dr. Douglas is urging that he be at once removed to Mount McGregor, lest he may grow too weak to allow of his removal. It is expected everything will be in readiness for starting to-morrow.

## Appointments.

WASHINGTON, June 15.—The President to-day appointed Frank T. Farlee postmaster at Fredericksburg, Va., vice Lawrence Tailafether, suspended, and John A. Young at Charlotte, N. C., vice W. W. Jenkins, suspended. The postmasters at both places were suspended for partisanship upon proofs.

John N. Twiggs was appointed assayer of the Mint at San Francisco. He is about 40 years of age and is a son of Gen. Twiggs of the Mexican war and confederate army fame. He is an essayer by profession and has been a bank clerk in Nevada and California for many years.

## First Arrest by New Revenue Officials.

United States Marshal Jo. J. Evans has information of the breaking up, near Jamestown, in Flutress county, last Friday night, of an illicit still, and the destruction of six tubs of beer. Four arrests were made, three men named Madewell and one named Stephens. The still was hid out and also one of the operatives, and they were not captured. The four will be held to court.

The officials on the raid were Deputy Marshals Jo. Taylor, J. C. Duff, L. T. Walker, Collector Hugh L. Moore and W. W. Freshour, formerly deputy collector. This is the first arrest made by the revenue force since the new administration came in.

## A Charming Widow.

She was pretty and sweet, so much so that the several clerks nearly broke their necks in struggling to see who would be the one to wait on her, but she ignored them all, and sitting down on a stool, drew from her pocket a handkerchief which she held in readiness for an application to her eyes, and sent for the manager. He soon came up to the lady, who, with the handkerchief to one eye, dashed the other brilliant orb at his, and told her story thusly:

"Mr. B., Charley, my husband (sob), is dead and I have no suitable (sniffle) mourning. I came down to see (gulf) if you would trust me for a (sob) mourning outfit." (Sniffle.) Here the other eye was hid behind the handkerchief, while a kind of cold chill shudder passed over her.

"But my dear madam, I don't know you. It would be rather departing from our rules to comply with your request," replied Mr. B., politely.

"How much of a bill did you wish to buy?"

"I want (sob) everything as nice (sniffle) as I can get (sob) about (another sniffle) \$200, I (sob) guess."

"Do you (sob) know Mr. (two sobs) Mr. Richfellow?" (Two sniffles.) "Yes madame. I know him; do you think he would guarantee the payment of the bill?"

"I don't (sob) want (sniffle)—want you to (sniffle) ask him (sniffle) because I am going (two sniffles) to marry him (sob) when my (sob) mourning has expired."

(Sob.)

"Well, in a case of that kind of course we will trust you; we can present the bill to him after your marriage."

"Oh, thank you (brightening up), thank you; indeed, that will be all right. Now I want a box of black gloves, number six and a half, fourteen yards of cashmere, thirty yards of crape cloth, twelve yards of veiling, two boxes of black silk hose (number eight) and necessary trimmings; please fix it up nice. Don't you think I will look nice in mourning?"

Mr. B.—looked into her eyes, his heart began to jump, and thinking discretion the better part of valor, he assured her that her order would be filled, and the lady departed smiling. Mr. B.—after the flash of the pretty widow's eyes would have filled a thousand dollar order and paid it out of his own pocket. He is bald headed.

## The Belt Was His.

Half a dozen anglers met in a fishing tackle store yesterday afternoon. All had been to the country and had a fish story to tell.

"Did you read that story about a man plowing up the carp in the bottom of an old pond, or rather where the pond had existed a year before?" asked Mr. Willard.

"Yes, and the carp were alive," assented Mr. Josselyn.

"The carp is singularly tenacious of life," remarked Mr. Zeigler. "I remember once catching a basket of carp and bringing them home. But I was suddenly called away, and the basket remained in my buggy for five days. On returning I found every fish alive, and as strong as when taken out of the water."

A grim silence followed Mr. Zeigler's statement, at last broken by Mr. Green, who enquired, "How many days, sir?"

"Five days, afterward, sir," replied Mr. Zeigler, sternly.

"That reminds me," said Mr. Green, "of a sea-eel I caught once off Saucelito. I took him home, but the folks would have nothing to do with it. I kept two Jersey cows, but—" and Mr. Green's tale came to an abrupt halt.

"Go on, Charley," said Mr. Willard, "and what connection has a sea-eel with a Jersey cow?"

"Ah, that's where the point comes in," said Mr. Green. "The week after the eel was flung away both cows went dry. I thought this very strange, and, indeed, suspected my neighbors of milking them in the night. One evening I determined to watch for myself—but what is the use of telling you fellows, you wouldn't believe me."

"Oh, go on anyhow, Green."

"Well, gentlemen, I swear that at 11:30 on that night I saw with my own eyes that eel rise out of the grass and fasten on to the cow's udder. As soon as he milked her dry, he tackled the other, and—"

"That will do," said the proprietor of the store quietly. "Not another sentence, Mr. Green; the belt is yours," and he handed that gentleman a large leather belt with an ornamental buckle, which Mr. Green fitted on with much modesty. The other anglers exchanged glances of mournful gravity, and one by one plied out of the store; the proprietor resumed the varnishing of a fish pole, and Mr. Green, taking the hint himself, modestly withdrew.

## The Redistricting Bill.

The following is copied from the official act pertaining to Judicial circuits and Chancery divisions in East Tennessee.

## JUDICIAL CIRCUITS.

1. The First Judicial Circuit shall comprise the following counties: Johnson, Carter, Sullivan, Washington, Unicoi, Greene, Hawkins, and Hancock.

2. The Second Judicial District shall comprise the following counties: Claiborne, Campbell, Grainger, Union, Hamblen, Jefferson, Cocke, Anderson and Sevier.

3. Criminal and Law District of Knox county and the Criminal Judge of Knox county shall hold the Circuit or Law Court of said county.

4. The Third Judicial Circuit shall comprise the following counties: Bradley, Polk, Meigs, Rhea, Bladsoe, Sequatchie, Marion, Hamilton, McMinn and James.

## CHANCERY DIVISIONS.

1. Johnson, Carter, Washington, Sullivan, Hawkins, Greene, Hancock, Claiborne, Grainger, Jefferson, Cocke,

Hamblen and Unicoi.

2. The Second Chancery Division shall comprise the following counties: Knox, Campbell, Sevier, Union, Anderson, Blount, Roane, Loudon, Morgan and Scott.

3. The Third Chancery Division shall comprise the following counties: Bradley, Polk, Rhea, Marion, McMinn, Hamilton, James, Monroe, Meigs, Bladsoe, Sequatchie, Van Buren, Coffee and Grundy.

## What Fools.

The following interesting conversation between two young couples occurred in the ladies' waiting-room of the Sixth Avenue Elevated Road on Sunday evening. They were waiting for a train:

First young man—We are about to take a ride on the Sixth Avenue aggravated road. Ha! ha! ha! ha!

First young woman—My, how very smart we are this evening. He! he! he! he!

Second young man—Oh, strike me with a sweet violet. Ha! ha! ha! ha!

First young man—As we journey through life, let us live by the way. Ha! ha! ha! ha!

First young woman (whispering to second young woman)—He! he! he! he!

Second young woman—He! he! he! he!

Second young man (whispering to first young man)—Mum's the word, old fel. He! he! he! he!

First young woman (with mock dignity)—It's not polite to whisper in the presence of ladies. He! he! he! he!

First young man (tipping his hat quietly)—Excusez moi, ladies, but it's not polite to whisper in the presence of gents. Ha! ha! ha! ha!

Second young lady—Ladies belong to the privileged sex. He! he! he! he!

Second young man (bowing profoundly)—We bow to the ladies; as the divine Bill says in his "Paradise Lost"—a man's a man for a' that. Ha! ha! ha! ha!

First young woman—How very clever! He! he! he! he!

First young man (sings)—Doosid cleavah, oh, so cleavah! Ha! ha! ha! ha!

Second young man (starting up)—Ladies, the train arriveth; let us be off. Ha! ha! ha! ha!

Both young women—Oh, ain't you orful! He! he! he! he!

They were fashionably dressed.

## Historical Items About Hair.

The Romans never adopted long hair, considering it effeminate.

Mr. Cleveland is the first President who has ever worn only a mustache.

Kings and nobles among the Franks were distinguished by long hair.

Lord Justice Knight Bruce refused to drive a barriester because he had a beard.

It is said that Cynoisus, the tyrant, singed his beard off with hot walnut shells.

False hair was worn ages ago. It was preached against by the fathers of the church, but to no purpose.

Red hair became popular under the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and has continued more or less ever since.

Red hair, in general, was an aversion to the ancients, a mark of reprobation, even before the time of Judas.

Black hair was not highly esteemed by the ancients, the possessors of it being thought jealous and quarrelsome.

## Wilkins' Star Proverbs.

Give the devil his due.

Many a man is a fool for revenue only.

Sunbeams support the floor of heaven.

The waste basket is mightier than the pen.

Silence is the gold plating for a fool's tongue.